

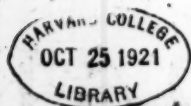
A

PINDARICK
POEM
UPON THE
FLEET.

Written by Mr. D'urfey.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be sold by Randal Taylor,
near Stationers-Hall. 1692.



George Nichols fund

POPULAR

THE

FLEET.

Written by Mr. Dwyer

LONDON

Printed and are to be sold by R. Taylor
West Strand-Hall 1822

Pindarick POEM.

I.

CALM was the Ocean, as when first the Sun
 Blessing the new Creation, had begun,
 To prove the Makers power, and disperse
 Indulgent Beams arround the Infant Universe:
 Triumphant *Neptune* clear'd his stormy Brow,
 Curl'd his green dropping Locks, and now
 His Aged face with wanton smiling seem'd
 As if his present Joy, had his past years redeem'd.
 About him throng'd in every place,
Nareids and *Trytons*, all the Finny Race
 That many a Century of years had strove;
 T' expresse their dutious Zeal and Love,
 Where-e're the Watry God his Chariot drove,
 Hush'd in the Calm of soft contentment lay,
 Some Danc'd, whilst others with the Sea Nymphs play,
 All pleas'd to see their Monarch smile, & the propitious day.

II.

For now *Great Britains* Glory 'gan t' appear,
 The Royal Navy here,
 Predestin'd blest, its glorious Course did Steer:
 Castles Impregnable, not made to yield,
 As when of old the hands of Gods did build;

Glide on the rowling Billows and make sport
 With each oposing surge, a Monarchs Court
 Is every Vessel, and in every Room

Cesar might think himself at home,
 The Amorous Sails swell with the Winds that blow,
 And Woods of *English* Oak upon the Ocean grow,
 The *Flower de Luce*, and Type of *English* fame,

When they the *French* did fame:
 Guilds every Flag, and in each Lyons eyes
 The Rage of our wrong'd Nation seems to rise;

To see what now they are,
 And heretofore we were ;
 When Martial *Henry* drove 'em to their Walls,
 And Royally reveng'd the mock of their proud Tennis-Balls.

III.

Britannia first the Empress of the Fleet,
 In awful pomp rides on each humble Wave ;
 Who forward Crowd with joy as pleas'd to meet :
 Her glorious Stern and mighty sides to Lave ;
 The Jocund Dolphins round about her Keel,

Where're the Martial Trumpets Sound ;
 The Charming Influence of Musick feel,
 And Dance an Antick Round ;

Whilst on the Deck a Thousand Heroes are ;
 Valiant and young, true Natives, scorning fear,

That *Englands* Ancient Blood, and Honour bear :
 And at their feet a hundred Brazen fates ;

That kill as fast as *Jove* Creates :
 When their hot Balls of Death are flying on,
 T' Eclipse the great false Light of the proud Gallick Sun.

IV.

With Bloody Streamers Waving in the Wind,
 The Sovereign next does steer her graceful Course,

Raising her Royal head, nor is behind
Britannia for her bravery or Force;

Imperial

Imperial State, Majestick like her Name,
 Reigns in each Motion, and do's nobly show,
 Her just disdain of an Invading Foe;
 That dares affront her Country or her Fame:
 Next her the *Phoenix* *London* Booms along,
 The Lofty Theam of a fam'd Laureats Song:
 That like great *Maro*, best could treat of Kings;
 And write in mighty numbers mighty things.
 The Great *St. Andrew* too in equal Rank;
 Exalts her Glittering Prow;
 Proud of her Walls of Oak, and Death defying Plank;
 Altho they never did in *Scotland* grow
 And lastly, to fill up the glorious Line,
 The blest *St. Michael*, like her Name Divine,
 Crown'd with auspicious Fortune comes,
Gallia's inveterate Foe and *Rome's*,
 For as the Conquering Archangel fought,
 And th' Hellish Dragon to confusion brought,
 That o're Mankind so prosperously prevails,
 So is the doom'd to rout and quell the Dragon of *Versailles*.

V.

And after these with spreading Sails appear,
 More wonders moving in a lower sphere,
 A noble Fleet of second and third Rates,
 Our Causes Bulwark and the States;
 That our best brood of *English* bear,
 Heroes that hold their Honour as a Jem,
 Of rich, and of unpriz'd esteem;
 And weigh each Vessel that for Empire strives,
 Dear as their darling Lives.
 The glorious *Neptune*, and the *Vanguard* bold
 The *Sandwich* fam'd for bravery of old;
 The *Royal Duke*, and Valiant *Offory*,
 The Beautious *Dutchess*, Mistriss of the Sea:
 The *Dreadnought*, and the *Restauration*,
 The *Resolution*, sworn to right the Nation;

And next as good as e're did Sayls unfurl,
The great restorer of a Crown, the Loyal *Albermarle*.

VI.

With many more, sacred in deathless fame,
And in their brave Commanders blest;
That scorn to play the last years wretched Game,
Or sell their Honour for base Interest;
A noble courage swells each Martial heart,
Whilst even each Coward Charm'd with secret shame,
Grows stout in spite of fear, and acts a Heroes part;
To right his Country and redeem his fame,
The hated thought of Gallick Tyranny.

In every freeborn English Soul,
Will just resentment raise to a degree,
That all such baseness must controul;
And as we of a Noble Roman read,
Who that his Country might be freed,
Bravely adventur'd, tho' without reward,
To subvert a Tyrant amongst all his Guard.

So rather than the *French* command our Sea,
Or in sweet *Albion* Plant their hated Colony,
From out our Navy, or our Power at Land,
Some Son of Fame, some glorious Hand,
No doubt the sacred Steel will draw,
And gloriously acquire the Name of *English Scevola*.

VII.

Thus in an Intellectual Vision lost,
My senses charm'd with the enchanting view,
A Scene, to equal which *Apelles* ne're could boast,
And mighty *Titian* never drew;
Whilst long with Pleasure sat I survey'd
The dazzling Glory of the Sea,
Where Naval Pomp in splendour lay,
And *Englands* Grandeur was at large display'd,

Methought

Methought the Watty God in state,
 Drew near the Royal Fleet,
 And with a Grace Majestick seem'd to greet,
 Her* that was honour'd with his Name, & we have mention'd late. *The Neptune ad. Rate.

His numerous train of lesser Deities,
 Around his shelly Chariot row'd,
 The Winds were hush'd, and not a Breeze

Durst be so bold,
 To move the silent Waves; but now, as if his Power
 Had doom'd the Marine World to rest that happy hour,
 No sound was heard through all his Scaly Guard du Ceur.

VIII.

On a high Rock that dash'd with Waves had stood,
 Ere since th' Almighty Fiat made the Sea,
 And stemm'd the shock of the tempestuous flood,
 At whose deep root old Father Ocean lay,
 And to a hollow Cell had cary'd his wondrous way:
 Neptune advances, and to th' Aged Sire,
 (Whom Joy uncommon did inspire,
 To see the Seas triumphant God,
 Honour the place of his abode)
 Waving his sacred Trident, th' Father grac'd,
 And on the Rocks least Craggy part upon his right hand plac'd.
 Then full of Oracle the profound silence broke,
 And thus of his Lov'd Abode with Divine fury spoke.

IX.

Oh thou, the Garden of the Universe,
 Whose fame the Songs of Angels might disperse;
 And Bards Divine, where Wit is most extream,
 And merit Wreaths of Lawrel from the mighty Theme.
 Thou lovely Park, where Herds of Kings may dwell
 Pal'd in with Sea, and be Invincible.
 Thou blissful seat, which the Eternal made
 (Untir'd with the Creating Trade)

Before

Before the courser Mould had its decree,
 To form the common Herb, or Flower, or Tree,
 How oft from my profound recess below,
 Did I my sorrow shew?
 Sorrow as great as possible could be,
 When Pity moves a Deity,
 To see my Darling *Britain*, my Lov'd Isle,
 Grow so Degenerate and Vile;
 Sickning with Sloth, and baneful Luxury;
 Her Credit lost to a degree
 Of Cowardise, and gross Stupidity;
 Whilst her insulting Neighbour Potent grows,
 And her once petty Foes,
 That some few Ages past,
 Gladly a Peace with her embrac'd,
 Whom her Immortal Kings, in former times,
 Have Conquer'd in their Native Climes;
 Took Royal Prisoners in the Field,
 And to their own Conditions made them yield,
 And from the glittering Banner of their Crown,
 Taken the Impress to adorn her own.
 Now by her sloth undone, and treachery,
 Her Schism, Rebellion, and Impiety;
 And by neglect in War so long remiss,
 Have given her Foes hope to possess,
 And her substantial Lyons win for th' *Titular* *Fleur de Lise*.

X.

Redeem, redeem, thy wretched loss of time,
 Redeem thy honour, mouldring as the Grave;
 No longer doze and hug thy sluggish crime,
 But rouse, and sinking credit save.
 The Destinies are kind, the Book of Fate is fair,
 No blotted Omen does appear,
 But Influence benevolent crowns the auspicious year.
 Thy Wealth is mighty, and thy Navy great,
 And blushing Victory seems to wait,
 As Pre-ordain'd by Fate.

The

The Powers too of my Empire all agree,
 From the vast Caverns of unfathom'd Sea,
 To assist *Britains* Cause espous'd by me.
 The Waves shall mount, and Winds shall rage,
 Rough *Boreas* shall the Foe engage;
 Who toss'd in fatal storms shall scatter far,
 Or blindly on themselves make War,
 Whilst *Zephyrus*, and every gentle Wind,
 Still to thy Fleet propitious are and kind,
 And on my watry Plain shall safely ride,
 Untroubled with a ruffling storm, or with a rowling tide.

XI.

And as the Natives on thy chalky shore,
 Behold with Joy thy Naval Power,
 Greater than *Britain* ere could boast before.

Who if they Loyal service pay,
 And take no Bribes their Country to betray,
 Are strong enough to gain a universal sway,
 So Fame through thy Perspective let them see,
Albions Felicity,

Fix'd in her present Monarchs Bravery.
Royal Nassaw, of whom to write is vain,
 'T would blunt the ablest Pen, and crack the soundest Brain.

Th' extreme of thought, adorn'd with nicest Wit,
 His character has never writ,
 Describe all good they can, they must leave something yet,
 Call him Deliverer, let *Eusebia* kneel,

And show the Wounds she did so lately feel,
 Unveil the bleeding breast his sovereign balm did heal,
 And then in Prayer her grateful homage shew,

Still 'tis a sacrifice too low.
 Or stile him Pious, Generous, Valiant, Wise,
 Who beyond *Virgil's* Muse, or soaring *Pindar* flies,
 Will reach his Fame no more than Mole-hills do the Skies.

Strict Moral Virtue does his breast controul,
 And there reigns in him a true Kingly Soul.

* Church.

Not sway'd by Avarice or Luxury,
 Tyrannick Lust, nor poor Dogmatick Bigottry,
 But firm to Honour, true to his great trust,
 And to the meanest of his subjects Just.

In time of War none readier than he,
 To hazard life in th' Field, or launch to Sea;
 The Hunt of Glory is his chief delight,

But careful that his cause is right,
 Upon *French* Principles Great *Nassau* will not fight,

But on just motives, with the first go on,
 And face the worst of dangers, like each private man ;

His Royal heart mix with the common File ;
 Nor will he wear the Wreath, unless he share the toil.

But to retrieve the glory of his Nation,
 Still pushes forward on each brave occasion,
And his successful Valour proves Divine Predestination.

XII.

Next Reverend Father, lift thy Eyes ;

And if the aged Opticks of thy sight,

Can bear a Ray so bright,

As never yet was rivall'd in the skies,

See *Gloriana* fighting on the Throne ;

Her Royal Lord the Faiths Defender gone.

Observe how filial Piety,

Loaded with State, and sovereign Dignity,

The weighty pressure of a Crown ;

The Peoples satisfaction not her own,

Disturbs her sacred rest ; and anxious Care,

Inveterate Foe to all the Fair,

In th' midst of her feign'd smiles still sits as chief,

And shews true Beauty in a shroud of grief.

See how the scale of Justice wisely she commands,

And holds the sword with guiltless hands :

A perfect Angel in a double kind,

For outward Grace and Vertues of her Mind.

Her

Her heart with Care of her great charge oppress,
 Still throbs within her heav'nly breast.
 She wishes Peace, but ah ! it will not be,
 The Lands Contagion spreads to that degree,
 'Tis only War can cure the hated Malady.
 Yet in the midst of Wars alarms,
 Its hourly terrours, and impending harms,
 That discompose her mighty soul,
 And over all delights controul,
 Her Influencing eyes are still the same,
 And with their usual lustre flame;
 Her face is all serene and fair,
 And tho *Bellona* may appear,
 Warring within her troubled heart, Love keeps his Revels there.

XIII.

Her Sister in the next bright sphere does move,
 Twin-like, in Vertue, Piety and Love;
 The happy Mother to a brood of Kings,
 That shall in future times do wondrous things:
 And as like Heaven-born Sisters they agree,
 In all the points of sacred amity.
 So choicest blessings Providence bestows,
 And tho in different gifts, an equal bounty shows,
 To one a glorious Diadem,
 To th' other an unvalued Gem,
 A Happy Son, a young *Illustrious Prince*,
 That when the *Gallick* Insolence
 Shall cool, and Mighty *Williams* Annals fill,
 With Histories of Conquests there, as I presage they will,
 Shall march with his brave Sire, the Royal *Duke*,
 To summon *Normandy*, *Poitieu* and *Mayne*,
 And as our once known ancient right, *Arjou* and *Aquitayne*,
 From such an Uncle, such a Father too,
 That Glory's brightest prize pursue,
 What may we not expect,
 When they our Arms direct ?

What

What from their Conduct may not *Albion* do?
 The first his Royal Word esteems beyond a Crown,
 And by their Words good Monarchs best are known.
 Nor can a Kings Divinity be true,
 Unless Word be not sacred too.
 This, this, is *Cæsars* Maxime, he who now commands.
 The boldest Sons of Fame in Foreign Lands,
 Whilst *Denmarks* noble Prince as bravely here,
 Offers his blood; and rather than not bear,
 In *Britains* danger, or its fame, a share,
 Resolves t' Ingage at Sea a Royal Volunteer.

XIV.

Thus spoke the *Marine* God, and all around,
 From the Rocks hollow Cells and Deeps profound,
 The listning *Tritons* rise, and shelly Trumpets sound,
 Attended with a numerous train
 Of scaly Mobble of the Main,
 Who swam in crowds to see that pompous show,
 A glorious City made of Castles, flow.
 Then bloated with the News,
 Down to their Mansion Ooze,
 And distant fry, with Joy return again,
 But amongst all that *Neptunes* speech had heard,
 And in attention had rever'd,
 Hoary *Oceanus* sat with most regard;
 His awful Counsellour and friend,
 That long since had his favour gain'd,
 For grateful service in his Love,
 When *Ampetite* first did his hearts passion move.
 Who as she at the foot of *Allas* sat,
 Priding her self in her free Virgin state,
 Was by her Grandfire snatch'd away,
 And on a *Dolphin* forc'd to ride,
 Through the vast Empire of the Sea,
 To be deboach'd into a Bribe.

He, till the *Marine* Deity had done
 His late admir'd Oration,
 Withheld his smothering griefs ; but now
 Sighs taking vent, his bosom large did grow
 With sorrows, that he could no longer tame ;
 Which from his swelling breast at last, thus broke into a flame.

XV.

Great King of boundless floods, to whom was given
 Not only the great Empire of the Sea,
 But as a more peculiar Lott from Heaven,
 A Wisdom large as thy Imperial sway.
 Tho happy *Albion* in thy favour blest,
 Above all Nations may Exalt her head,
 A secret Pang torments my breast,
 To see how spiritless and dead
 The Natives are that throng her chalky shore,
 And how unlike their brood of Heroes heretofore.
 Glory was once the subject of their Arms,
 But now for Interest each faction swarms ;
 And Honour which each noble bosom sway'd,
 For Gold is barter'd, and become a Trade.
 Nay, even Religion grows sophisticate,
 And base dissenting schism of late,
 With errors jarring, set 'em all at strife ;
 They Preach up t'other, but they love this life.
 Even the most Reverend of the sacred Mystery,
 The weakest eyes may plainly see,
 Not proof against the luscious bait of tempting dignity.
 Why since their Soul and Flocks should be their care,
 Should worldly accidents their bosoms share,
 And sordid Lucre take possession there ?
 At least whilst sacred Providence,
 Allows a proper competence,
 Why should their obstinate and stubborn will
 Occasion to their Country so much ill,

As in their Cause, to make vile fewds increase,
And they themselves renounce the Type of Apostolick peace.

XVI.

In Court too 'tis the same,

Few there by Virtue purchase Fame,
But he that best can over-reach, best plays the Courtiers game.

The Politician tires his brains

But for his own peculiar gains,

His Countries Cause might sink, lost be the state,

Had he not some by-ends of being great.

Or should we search the Lawyers honesty,

In knavish Courts of Common-Pleas, or couzning Chancery,

You'd find Integrity appear

The worst of all the Causes there.

Rich *Mammons* business shall not go amiss,

But poor *Phillemon* sues in *forma pauperis*;

And tho his worth be great, shall seldom draw

To aid him, the compassion of the Law.

In Love too we the same defects behold,

Hearts now are bought and sold;

The Man of sense, alas! in vain does Wooe,

Dull Ignorance with Gold, can Vertue far outdo,

Be Merit ne're so great, or Passion ne're so true.

Cynthia still chooses wealthiest Men,

Th' ill fated fair one never looks within,

Ne're asks how worthy, but how great?

What qualities, but what Estate?

And tho of gifts of fortune she's posselt,

Enough to make some man of merit blest,

Who would in grateful service waste his life

To oblige so generous a Wife;

And happiness that way secure,

Which the Rich Husbands Gold, can ne're assure,

Yet land and titles bear the sway,

Cynthia does Avarice obey;

And

And in her eye, how poorly does appear (year.
A thousand Vertues, when compar'd t' a thousand pounds a

XVII.

In all degrees of frail Humanity

There must great Errors be ;

But ah my aged sight in tears is lost,

To think that *Albion* bears the most :

The quality of every strange offence

So much enrages Providence,

That Mercy after Crimes so base

Seems Imposition upon heavenly Grace.

Observe what Jarrs, the banę of all content,

Amongst themselves her Sons foment :

Discord, that ushers doubts and fears,

Is all the harmony she hears ;

And hated broyls 'twixt friend and friend

Brings each successive day to its sad end.

Curst Bigottry began the Play,

Then Revolution chang'd the scene,

And brought a happy freedom in ;

Till stubborn Pride turn'd it a tragick way,

And prov'd the humour of each Native there,

Just like the nature of the Clime and Air.

For as the Weather instantly

Can change from hot to cold, from moist to dry,

So they from Rebels can turn Loyal men,

Set up a King and prove his Right,

And for him Vote, and for him Fight,

And at the least disgust can Rebels turn agen.

XVIII.

Mean time whilst schisms possess our frantick brains,

His ends the *Gallick* tyrant gains :

He the rich Prize away does bear,

For which we one another tear.

What

What can this Mighty Navy do,
 If only opulent in shew?
 If Treason sculking lyes within,
 And they forget the Name of *English* Men,
 A scene of Glory they may idly boast,
 But see with shame their Country lost.
 Ith' contrary, if Loyal Vertue warms
 Their Valiant hearts, and they dare use their Arms,
 If they the difference can see
 Twixt free-born right and slavery;
 The *French* may well repent their Insolence once more;
 And never hope t' adorn their brows with Lawrels from our

XIX.

Thus spoke the Reverend Father, to whom strait
 The awful God reply'd,
 Well has thy tongue describ'd poor *Albion's* state,
 And Cause of *Gallick* Pride;
 But now in great *Nassau's* Illustrious Reign,
 The Martial Genius does return again;
 Her Sons no longer Lazy Peace esteem,
 The souls of *Edward* and great *Henry* live in him.
Henry and *William* fated are the same;
 There's a Prophetick force even in the Name,
 Which does Mysteriously shew,
 The latter like the first shall Conquer too.
 Time lately was when sloth and ease,
 The Poyson to their *English* Blood,
 And curst destroyer of their good,
 Worse than the Plague, was their disease.
 But now their Fortune rises to a nobler height,
 Under great *William* prosperously they fight;
 Bigotted Rulers their disgrace still brings,
 The dull and tame,
 Ne're reach to fame;
 A Martial Race thrive best with Martial Kings.
 So, as in *Numa's* sluggish Reign,
 Forgetful *Rome* dissolv'd in ease,

The

The valiant *Ancus* did her fame regain,
 And War succeeded drowsie Peace :
 Their brave new Monarch a fresh game began,
 And boldly led the *Latins* on :
 Glory renew'd, the haughty *Gauls* did bow,
 So arm'd with strong fidelity,
 Their troops on shore, and power at Sea ;
 Courage that shall in fight renew,
 And my auspicious blessing too,
 As powerful *Rome* did then, shall mighty *Albion* now.

XX.

Thus ending with an air divinely great,
 The Deity rose up and blest the Fleet ;
 At which the Sea-Gods from the shore,
 The blessing twice repeating or'e,
 With shouts confirm'd, and th' Chariot strait prepare ;
 For now the soultry Air,
 Began t' offend th' scaly Fry,
 And *Nereids* gasping fret, for fear their Fins should dry,
 Their Monarch plunging through the Sea,
 Down to his Palace, drives a long mysterious way,
 Through watry Provinces where Nature lyes
 'Mongst undiscover'd Rarities.
Oceanus too, on his Sea Pacer plac'd,
 To his low home made haste ;
 Who whilst th' attending Train each to his Mansion dives,
 Full forty thousand Fathom deep, the Sire at last arrives.

F I N I S.